



IN THE SAND.



ON "MADE" ISLAND.



FISHERMEN BUYING MOSS BUNKERS FOR BAIT.

ing width between banks that are high and thickly timbered. Its waters are salt for a considerable distance back into New-Jersey. Islands of tuft-like swamp grass, intensely green, appear in great profusion, relieving the monotony.

A couple of miles from the mouth of the river is a low-lying island of sand, known as "Made" Island. One of the maids who is camping upon it this summer is pretty enough to have the spelling changed in her honor. The island is the result of government dredging operations and the current. A dozen tent camps have been pitched on it this year. Some of the tents have the spotless white of newness, others are weather beaten gray and still others are as patched as ever were a Yankee farmer's trousers. The island is fringed with rowboats. When a steamer passes there is a wild scramble to launch the boats on the part of the children, who never miss an opportunity of going out to "take the swells."

Further up the river, near Oceanic, are some of the most picturesque camps. The banks are heavily wooded and under the trees scores of families have found cool camping places. Many of the fathers have become temporary New-Jersey commuters, the fast train service enabling them to go in and out each day. In other cases the worker only comes out for the week end.

The dinner hour found The Tribune reporter at one of these sylvan camps. These campers believe in getting as close to nature as possible and even dispense with a cook stove and table. The meal was prepared over the glowing coals of a campfire, and what a meal it was!

The thick lamb chops were grilled to a delicious crisp and had a smoke and ash flavor which only an open fire can give. The sweet potatoes were baked in the ashes and came out black and unsightly. One broke off an end and ate them as an Englishman does a soft boiled egg. Each member of the family roasted his own ear of corn by holding it over the coals on the end of a stick, getting just the shade of brown that suited his taste best. There was crisp, hot toast that seemed the better for the flick of an ash here and there. Even the coffee tasted different and better than it did in town.

One ate seated on the grass with a tin plate on one's lap. The coffee was drunk from tin cups and the knives and forks were far from sterling. At the end of the meal each one went to the brook near by and washed his own eating outfit. Yet a king never sat down to a meal that tasted better and the ransom of a prince would not be too great a price for John D. Rockefeller to pay for the camper's appetite and digestion.

FLOATING ISLANDS.

Homeless Wanderers on Great South American Rivers.

Buenos Ayres, July 8.—The Rio de la Plata and its tributary, the Paraná, are now full of "camalotes" or floating islands, as a result of the great floods that have covered thousands of leagues of the land bordering on these rivers. What caused these floods no one seems accurately to know, as there has been no unusual rainfall in either Paraguay or Argentina, but the headwaters of the Paraná are nearly two thousand miles from here, following the windings of the river, in the virgin forests of Brazil, and within a few miles of the sources of several of the tributaries of the Amazon, and reports kept coming out of this almost unexplored region in the autumn of the torrential rains that were falling there, and it is believed that these tributaries have been unable to carry off the vast volume of water that has fallen, and by their overflowing have caused the water that naturally would flow north to take a southern route and ultimately reach the Atlantic Ocean at Montevideo, nearly five thousand miles away from the mouth of the Amazon.

Dwellers on the banks of the Upper Paraná and its various branches have long been acquainted with the graceful aquatic plants known as "camalotes" or "homeless wanderers" that float down toward the sea on the waters of the Paraguay and Alto Paraná. There are three distinct plants to which the name is given, two having delicate blue flowers and heart shaped leaves borne singly on long slender stalks rising from the roots, and most picturesque these plants are when, like ships at sea, they erect their broad leaf sails, and, with stems bending like slender masts, float down the stream, rising and falling with the waves.

The third variety has bright yellow flowers,

but practically no stalk, the leaves lying flat upon the water like a lily pad, but all three varieties are aquatic and float on the water, supported by their long slender roots, which extend far below the surface.

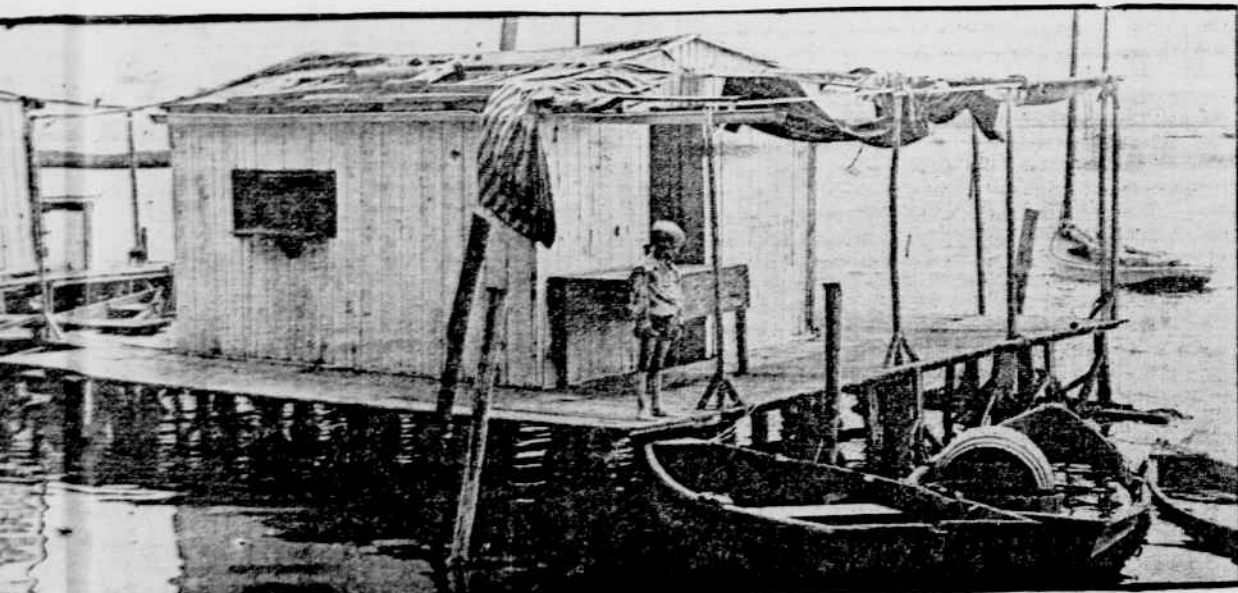
Aided by the wind and current, these floating islands frequently cover considerable distances in the course of a day, but it is rare that they cover the thousand miles between Asunción and Buenos Ayres, either being broken up in the rapids or grounding on the shallows somewhere along the route.

For the first time in thirty years, however, the recent great floods have brought them down in thousands, and the stoppages on the way have only added to their size, until their very mass, by backing up the water behind, forced them over the obstructions, and for the past week the Rio de la Plata, which is thirty miles wide opposite Buenos Ayres, has been covered with "camalotes" of all sizes as far as the eye could see, some half a mile long and from 50 to 100 feet wide, and others a few feet in diameter. The former have become a serious menace to navigation, and from the upper river come reports of vessels being dragged from their moorings by one or more of these masses being forced against them.

One of the most curious features, and a proof that they have made a long voyage, at least of a thousand miles, is the fact that they are alive with tropical snakes, the Zoological Garden in Buenos Ayres having been enriched by forty different species taken from the islands in passing, and several deer, a puma, or wild cat, and any quantity of parrots and monkeys, have been passengers on them, the latter falling victims to the wiles of their civilized prototype, the small boy, and both snakes and monkeys being offered for sale on the streets of some of the towns along the river.

As this is the winter season in the Southern Hemisphere, and as, in the latitude of Buenos

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ROW ON THE SHREWSBURY.



VARNISHING THE CAMP FURNITURE.